

Lazarus

After Jesus raised him from the dead and everybody was impressed,
He went on His way while Lazarus stayed home with Mary and Martha. At first they were glad to have him back, but time took care of that.

"Don't shake hands with him," said one guest, "he's colder than a well-digger's ass."
"Lazarus is pale as hell," said an uncle.
A niece added, "Lazarus stinks."

Pretty soon they had him sitting nine yards away from the table,
wrapped in a blanket, discreetly downwind.

Finally he moved back to the tomb, going out only in the evening to follow the sun into the West,

God's name in vain on his cracked and loamy lips.

Lately

she wears my underwear when she goes out.
Can that be a healthy sign? I'll bet she is
a dyke at night, running around with lady
truckdrivers.

Still,
when the alarm goes off at midnight she is
always there, and again at 3:00 and once
more at 5:00. If she is queer, how does
she work it, by phone?

("Hello. Spike. He's asleep and I've got
his shorts on again. How about those
Yankees!")

Perhaps it is just as she says and my cotton
drawers are warmer than those teeny leopard-
skin things I am so crazy about.

But you never know. I think that I will set
my clock at 11:00. 2:00 and 4:00

just to be on the safe side.

Ron Koertge
Pasadena, CA